A

POEM,

IN

DEFENCE

OF THE

Church of England;

In Opposition to the

HIND and PANTHER.

Written by Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN.*

Omnia Subsidunt, meliori pervia Causæ.
Claudian.

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UMI

A

POEM,

In Defence of the

Church of England,

IF we into our ſelves, or round us look
We find a God, expreſt in Natures Book.
The Sacred Truth is writ in every Breaſt;
By every Clime and every Tongue confeſt:
Th' inconſtant World kneel'd early to the Sun;
His fruitful Light *Idolatry* begun.
Saturn, *Mercurius*, *Jupiter*, and *Mars*,
Were but the Names, of ſeveral wand'ring *Stars*
Men worſhip't with *Idolatry*; like theirs
Who ſlight our Kings, and court their Miniſters.
Hero's that did great Actions here on Earth,
Were ſaid at laſt to be of Heavenly Birth:
And when no man wou'd own the doubtful Child,
Then *Jove*, or *Mars*, the eaſie Nimph beguild;
But different Climes invented ſeveral Rights;
For Nature in variety delights:
Some Sacrific'd a Child, others a Ram;
Unlike the Offrings, but the Zeal the ſame;
Some cut their fleſh, and whipt themſelves with Rods,
As if their Blood and Torture pleas'd their Gods. *See Livy lib. 39.*
Bacchus with Feaſts and Revells ſome ador'd,
Devoutly drank, and Piouſly they Whor'd.

Unnatural Sins defil'd their ſenſual Nights,
Till Heathen virtue roſe againſt ſuch Rights,
And drove that lew'd Religion out of *Rome*,
Damning by Law all *Bacchanals* to come.
Apis the *Ox* in *Egypt* was ador'd,
Their Gardens with Green Diety's were ſtor'd;
Succeeding times their Princes Deify'd,
And Prieſts and Temples for the Dead decreed;
Selden *de diis Syris* Cap. 7. In *Venus Fane* others their Daughters plac't,
To be deflowr'd by ſtrangers as they paſt,
Who, in her wanton Service Entertain'd,
Still gave the Prieſt and Goddeſs what they gain'd.
Thus human Fancy toyl'd in vain to find,
A Service grateful to the Heavenly mind.
And untaught Nature gave us a dim ſight
Of Divine Beings, but no further light:
Geneſis *chap.* 3. *verſe* 15. Our God a Covenant with Mankind made,
The Womans Seed ſhould bruiſe the *Serpent*'s Head;
Then *Abram*'s Race he for his People choſe,
And holy Prophets from his Loyns aroſe.
Moſes more fully did his Will declare,
And mighty wonders his Credentials were:
Among the reſt, Error and *Idols* Reign'd,
Peculiar Gods each *Legiſlator* Feign'd.
At laſt he ſent his Son to guide Mankind,
In Sacred paths, of their great duty Blind;
He taught us worldly greatneſs to diſpiſe,
To bear Reproach, and Pardon Enemies.
Meekneſs a Virtue, till his time unknown
(Which Chriſtians properly may call their own)
He planted firſt, then, his *Apoſtles* Taught
The Truths he Preach't, and wonders that he wrought,
And in their Sacred Pages, 'tis alone
Man finds his Duty to the Heavenly Throne.
Hind *and* Panther *page* 1. Who ever Read in Earneſt or in Jeſt,
Of any white unchang'd Immortal Beaſt;
Or of an harmleſs *Hind* that knew no Fear;
Yet Fled when Hunters and the Hounds drew near.
Page 3. Sure never any Brute before complain'd
The Common Hunt her Company diſdain'd.

Tell

Tell me what Young Ones are unlike their *Dams*; Page 2.
Thy Tales of *Hero* make, are Heathen Shams,
Friend *Bayes* I fear, this Fable, and theſe Rimes,
VVere thy dull Pennance, for ſome former Crimes,
VVhen thy free Muſe her own brisk Language ſpoke,
And unbabtiz'd, diſdain'd the Chriſtian Yoke.
Thy *Spaniſh Fryar* not thought himſelf Reveng'd,
Untill thy Style, as well as Faith, were chang'd.
Our Church refus'd thee Orders, whence I find
Her call'd the *Panther*, that of *Rome* the *Hinde*.
O wondrous *Hind* whoſe white no Blood can ſtain
Of People Maſſacred, or Monarchs ſlain. (leave
Their VVealth, their Friends, and native Soyle men
Becauſe they can't as they are bid, believe;
Some Tortur'd, of their harſh Converſion Dye;
Others the Oar, in cruel Gallies Ply,
Till what their Hearts avow, their Lips deny.
Of all the Blood in ſuch a Quarrel *S*pilt,
VVho ſhall Abſolve, th' Abſolvers form their Guilt?
If here thy *Hind* has loſt ſome vocal Blood,
In France and *Ireland* ſhe has ſpilt a Flood; Page 24
Not in a Legal way, where Treaſon mixt
VVith breach of Law, the double Guilt perplext.
For ſtill the Boaſted *Martyrs* on her ſide
Not for Religion, but for Treaſon Dy'd,
They ſtuck ſo cloſe, that we could never part,
The Prieſt from Traytor in the *Tyburn* Cart,
Nor yet in open Field, where Force with Force
The Brave repel, and Kill without remorſe;
But in cold Blood, all Enmity laid down, *The Maſſacre under* Charles *the* 9th. *of* France 1572.
Friendſhip and Joy reſtor'd throughout the Town.
Supinely reſting on a Monarch's Word,
Ten thouſand felt e're they cou'd fear the *S*word.
Lodg'd in his Pallace, on pretence of care
They for Protection, ran into the Snare,
So ruſhes on the Hounds, the frighted Hare.
The King Relenting as it nearer drew, Charles 9th.
Having the mighty Ruin full in view,
Wou'd have gone back, but Zeal knew no Retreat;
Then kill ſaid he all *Hereticks* you meet.

Keep this black action from ſucceeding time,
Leave none alive, that may reproach the Crime.
Now Rings the fatal Bell, Death is let looſe,
Se Mazeray & other French Hiſtorians. He Ranges uncontroul'd through every Houſe:
Down every Street he pou'rs a Purple Flood,
And mounting Souls, prevent their vocal Blood:
The *Guiſe* not ſpares the Husban, of his Child;
Next the too eaſie *Admiral* is kill'd:
A Croſs their Badge, and Heretick the Word,
(A ſtrange Commiſſion to a Chriſtian Sword)
Alike all Ranks, all Ages, Sexes, fare:
Thy *Hind* bids Kill, and 'tis a Crime to ſpare.
The *Lyon* and his Shaggy *Dam* ſtood by,
Charles the 9th and the Queen Mother. And from their Windows, clapt the *Tragedy*;
Zeal runs through every Province with like Rage,
Nor cou'd two Months the Purple Flood Aſſwage.
The *Pope* himſelf did the vaſt Murther Bleſs,
And gave God publick thanks for the Succeſs:
Before King *Philip*, in a *Spaniſh* Rant,
'Twas ſtil'd the Triumph of Church Militant:
Thus *Romiſh* Fury like the Plague deſtroy's,
Baths in Kings Blood, and Maſſacres enjoy's.
So the Third *Henry* fell, from the Prieſt Knife,
In vain Ten Legions guard His Sacred Life.
The vile Aſſaſſinate thought Heaven his own,
When he the more then Helliſh Act had done;
Sixtus Quintus, His *Holineſs* the *Murtherer* Extold,
And *Clement* in the Book of Life Enrol'd;
Henry the 4th. of France. Next by *Ravilliack's* hand great *Bourbon* Dyes,
Se Hardovin in the Life of that Prince. Belov'd, and guarded by his Enemies:
No pubick Rage, ſcarce any private Frown,
All but the Church, ſubmitted to the Crown:
By a hot Novice's, miſguided Zeal,
In his full Glory, that Great *Hero* fell. (Throne,
Sixtus Quintus. Gregory the 4th. and Innocent. Three *Popes* with their Church Thunder ſhake his
No *Heretick* Right, their learned Clergy own:
Birth-right, Deſcent, and Title, they declare
Not to be valu'd in a Pious War,
Nor wou'd the *States* Admit him to the Crown,
Till firſt the Church, receiv'd him for her Son.

Kings

Kings are but means, Church greatneſs is the End,
He has beſt Right who will her Right defend.
Queen *Mary*'s Reign might a juſt Poem make,
Where Priſons, Whips, and Burning at a Stake
Were common Puniſhments for *Hereſie*;
And almoſt grown Familiar to the Eye.
Four Reverend Prelates in bleſt Flames Aſcend,
And what in Life they Taught, in Death defend.
Three hundred *Martyrs* her few years devour,
Never did Flames ſo highly Feaſt before;
She Kill'd, and Burnt, as if her cruel mind
A veſtal Fire of *Heretick* deſign'd.
Our Maiden Queen in vain the *Monſieus* Woo'd,
In vain two *Popes*, declare againſt her Blood,
Courtſhip and Malice ſhe alike withſtood,
Unwearied Malice, laſting as her Breath,
Teeming with *Plots*, *Conſpiracies*, and *Death*.
By a fierce *Pope* her Realms are given away,
Spain fills with floating Towers the *Brittiſh* Sea,
But Heaven in Storms forbids th' unlawful Prey;
And *Engliſh* Thunder, with Celeſtial joyns,
Scatters their Fleet, and ſinks their vaſt deſigns.
No ſooner *James* on *Albion*'s Throne was plac't
But *Rome* prepares t'exalt him with a blaſt;
And in lowd Flames prefer him to the Sky,
While round him Lords, and ſcatter'd Commons fly;
Short Blazing-Starrs, of Zealous Cruelty.
Nor had it fail'd, but for a ſilly Scrowl
Sent to *Mounteagle*, from ſome melting Fool;
Who poorly grudg'd, to Sacrifice a Friend
To ſuch a Pious, and important End:
Doſt thou not think him below *Judas* Damn'd
Whom pity thus unfainted, and unman'd?
Unlick't and *Independent*, as thy Bear,
'Tis plain, at firſt, all Chriſtian Churches were;
Nor did St. *Paul*, accknowledge *Peters* Chair;
But fill'd with equal Light, and equal Grace,
Withſtood him boldly, to his erring Face.
Too ſtreight enclos'd, he overthrew the Fence;
And forc'd the Laws, unskilful to diſpence.

See Burnet *in his Hiſtory of the* Reformation.

The Spaniſh Expedition *in* 1588.

The Gunpowder Treaſon confeſs by Garnet *the Prieſt, and others at their Execution.*

The Independant *page* 3.

But yet for Liberty he nobly Fought:
That *Engliſh* Plant, thou diggs'd up by the Root,
Too far alaſs he carry'd his Succeſs,
The better ſort oft wiſh't it had been leſs;
He chang'd the Legal, for a lawleſs Lord;
So hard it is to Rule a Conq'ring Sword.
War has Ten thouſand miſchiefs in her Womb,
And Fruitful Seeds of ev'ry Ill to come;
Inſtead of Curing, ſhe provok's the ſmart,
Or drives the deadly Poyſon to the Heart;
The Atheiſt. Thy Apes will all thy choſen Party take,
Whilſt thy ſoft Numbers, thee Convertion make;
The Quaker. Like a ſtarv'd Dog now Fauns thy quaking Hare,
Can Lye, and can Diſſemble, though not *S*wear.
Puſs is familiar with our *Nymrods* grown
Makes up the Cry to Run the *Panther* down,
And has a ſort of *Leopard* of her own.
A Motly Prince ſhining with inward Light,
Whoſe unarm'd Paſſive Subjects never Fight,
Drink no Mans health, uncover not the Head,
As 'twere a mark of Grace to be ill Bred:
Titles becauſe they want, they never give,
Cheat in few words, and without Oaths deceive;
Break for Ten thouſand Pounds with *Yea*, and *Nay*,
And when the Spirit Moves-um run away;
Proudly our Forms and ways of ſpeaking ſlight,
For what's their inward Spirit but their Wit,
Which good or bad is their pretended Light;
This *Leopard*, once a Gay and *S*potted Beaſt,
A fair *Hybernian Nymph* wou'd have compreſt,
Bold in his Youth, and Luſtful in his Kind,
In *N*ightly howlings he expreſt his mind.
A Rival *Wolf* the Terrour of the Wood,
VVho of whole Heards, had drank the reaking Blood,
His Jaws well Arm'd, his Frightful Briſtles rear'd,
A dreadful Champion for the Dame appear'd;
Offers the Combate, which the *Leopard* ſhuns,
Forſakes the *Dame*, and from the *Forreſt* runs:
Thus he for ſhame and fear became a *Saint*,
And thinks to cover all with Thred-bare cant,

VVith

VVith which he got a VVife for his ſupply,
The higheſt Prize of their poor Lottery;
Such was the doubty Scribe againſt the *Teſt*,
From whom all ſides muſt learn their Intereſt.
Thy *Baptiſt Boar* perhaps may think it odd — Page 4.
A new Born Child ſhould Cov'nant with his God,
Or go to Hell e're he deſerve the Rod.
From Holy *Scripture*, they their Doctrine draw,
And may miſtake, but do not break the Law;
VVhile thy Infallible preſumptuous *Hind*
To Bread alone the *Euchariſt* confin'd, (enjoyn'd
Tho' VVine, as well as Bread, the Sacred Text)
Thy graceleſs *Fox* by *Athanaſius* Chain'd — *Liberius and Felix Popes. Council held at Arles, another at Blois.*
Popes, *Councils*, *Emperors*, a while maintain'd,
Till the lowd *Nycene Hunt* quite run her down,
And with thy *Hind*, confeſt thee three in one,
Th' Eternal Father, *Spirit* and the *Son*; — *Valens. Conſtantius and other Emperors.*
Tho' above Senſe, this doſe not Senſe oppoſe,
What Mortal the Divine Exiſtence knows;
The Bread we ſee, we Handle, Taſt, and *Smell*:
Nor can a God within a VVafer dwell,
Or be devour'd by Thouſands at a time, — Page 6.
In every Age, in every diſtant Clime;
A Body Glorifi'd mends not the matter,
Such things agree not with Corporeal Nature;
If on the Croſs he cea'ſt not to complain,
Can *Chriſt* be Eaten now and feel no Pain;
Or like *Prometheus* Liver grow's his Fleſh,
That ſtill theſe *Eagles* feed on him a Freſh.
Heaven for our weakneſs do's in vain provide, — Page 5.
Since Erring Judgments may miſtake the Gu'de,
VVho tho' Unerring, is not ſo to me,
Unleſs I were Infallible as he:
Thy Throne of Darkneſs in a Pitt of Light,
If not quite Nonſenſe, is a lofty Flight;
Since either Damns us, why took Heaven no care
We ſhou'd not ſin? Yet ſuch we ſhou'd not Err.
Th' Omnipotence of God who dares deny? — Page 8.
Yet that he can't deſtroy himſelf or Lye,
Releaſe the Damn'd, recall the time once paſt,

Is on all hands, without offence confeſt.
Chriſt ſtood before his Train in open Light,
With the ſame Body that eſcapes our ſight;
Which had none ſeen, the World had not believ'd,
Nay *Thomas* felt ere he was undeceiv'd;
If our Redeemer then appeal'd to Senſe,
To doubt their Verdict, we have no pretence;
By Godlike Acts he prov'd his Deity,
The Lame he made to walk, the Blind to ſee;
Souls to their former Manſions he reſtor'd,
Theſe Miracles Men ſaw, e're they Ador'd.
But ſay what Senſe, what Miracles atteſts,
The corporal Preſence in the *Euchariſt*,
That lying Wonder of a Couzning Prieſt;
When God upheld, and Princes on their Knees;
Heaven Gates he ſhuts, and opens as he pleaſe:
All Reverence to the Word Divine is due,
Page 8. But Man's deductions are not always true;
The *Turks* as well as we, make Faith their Guide,
So all Religions in the World beſide,
But Faith ſhou'd grafted upon Reaſon be,
Reaſon the ſtock, and Faith the Deathleſs Tree;
Page 10. Thy *Iſgrim* next with famiſht Face appears,
A Haggard look, Predeſtinating Ears,
For what thou wilt ſtill thy own Mother wears:
Teaching the Scriptures of themſelves are plain,
And fully every ſaving Truth contain;
He Barks at Mitr'd *Popes* in *Peters* Chair, (Tear:
At Biſhops Grins, and would the Surplice
Among their Brethren wou'd their Charge divide,
Check their Ambition, and abate their Pride.
Affirms th' Elect are the true Church, and here
Since other may, Councils, and *Popes* may Err;
If they alone the Scripture might Explain
Chriſt ſpoke, and his Apoſtles writ in vain,
Till they were ſettled in their Spiritual Reign;
He Grins at Picture Worſhip, *Saints*, and *Croſs*,
See the decay of the Empire written by Maimburg, Page 258. And would refine the Mettal from the Droſs;
Yet ſets no Foot, on the Imperial Head,
As Fair *Matilda's Paramount* once did;

When

When all the marks of Majeſty laid down
Faſting, and Barefoot, *Henry* alone,
Without his Guards, like a poor *Pilgrim* dreſt,
Beg'd for Admittance, and his Guilt confeſt
In vain, till Fair *Matilda* us'd her intereſt;
Her ſofter Charms, over his Rage prevail'd,
And his Church-Thunder he at length recall'd;
So *Venus* Beg'd, and would not be deny'd,
While the Grim God lay panting by her ſide,
And in the flames of Love, half melted down,
Promis'd bright Armor, for the Godlike Son.
Theſe are thy *Iſgrim*'s Doctrines, tell me now
Where's their contempt of Heaven, or Kings below?
I not exempt ſome times, and men from blame,
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame,
No not the *Panther*, nor thy harmleſs *Hind*,
Full power is of the Perſecuting Kind.
Unhappy Regions *Italy* and *Spain*,
Under the Myter'd Tyrants double Reign,
Where Fire, and Sword, Church-unity maintain;
Rome once the gentle'ſt Miſtriſs of Mankind,
That Arms exalted, or that Arts refin'd;
Whoſe conquering *Eagles* travel'd with the Sun,
And a like Race of Deathleſs Glory run,
One ſpreading Vertue, and the other Light
Through every Region in their proſp'rous flight;
Nobly ſhe Fought, to Conquer, not Enſlave,
And won Renown, but Peace and Plenty gave;
To Injur'd Kings, their *Empire* ſhe renew'd,
And lawleſs Tyrants, with juſt Arms purſu'd,
Improving ſtill, what ever ſhe Subdu'd;
Is now content, under a Sp'ritual Head,
And Petty Dukes from his Corruption Bred,
Poorly to Languiſh in Inglorious Peace,
Rebel to Honour, and mean Slave to Eaſe;
The Fruitful Regions of all *Italy*
Unpeopl'd, Unmanur'd, deſerted lye.
Nature in vain powr's forth her various ſtore,
Rich is the Soyle, but the vext Country Poor,
While Prince or Prieſt their Induſtry devoure.
So the *Jackal* upon the *Lyon* waits,
And what he leaves, the hungry Vermin Eats;

Gregory *the* 7th Pope, *and*, Henry *the* 4th. *Emperor*. Anno. 1080.

See Drydens Abſolom *and* Achitophel. *Page* 17.

See Burnets *Letter from* Rome.

These are the Blessings that she now enjoys
Under a Tyrant of the Conclave's choice,
Where *French*, or *Spanish* Pistols sway the Voice.
Thy Noble *Lyon* do's bought *Converts* hate,
But hopes a Bribe, Preferment, is a Bait,
And mighty Blessings on all *Converts* wait;
Valliant they grow, and in an instant Wise,
And What their Nature wants, their Faith supply's;
One of these rising things who wou'd not be,
That were Neglected, Scorn'd, Decay'd like thee;
Page 19. *Church of* England. Thy *Panther* next appears, Spotted 'tis true,
But like thy *Hind*, of a Celestial hew.
Her generous *Lyon* how can she offend,
Whose Sons and Writings for his Power Contend?
Her Duty, *Cæsar*, and her God divide,
Allowing no Supremacy beside;
When Expert Hunts-men had the Wood beset,
All Arts, all Instruments of Ruin mett;
Some at his Life, some aiming at his Crown,
None cou'd prevent his Fall, but Heaven alone:
(Tho' well content thy *Hind* shou'd be ensnar'd)
Her Loyal Sons, thy generous *Lyon* spar'd;
Th' *Exclusive Bill*, in the Lords House they damn'd,
Pulpit and Press against the Act exclaim'd,
Not so the Clergy of too Jealous *Rome*,
The 4th *of* France. Look't on the Right of *Henry* to come;
Left ore the Flock, one *Heretick* should Reign,
Popes with the *League*, the *League* combines with *Spain*;
They level their Church-Thunder at his Crown,
Bishops and Nobles, must their King disown,
Or else involv'd in the same Sentence lye,
The last effect of Spiritual Tyranny;
The *League* with *Spanish* Arms their King oppose,
And Zeal unites, whom Nature had made Foes;
Ten thousand men th' *Italian* Clergy send,
That might their Choice of a new King defend;
Our Church not thinks the Heart can go along
With Prayers utter'd in an unknown Tongue,
No more then how Old Women can do harm,
With Barbarous words repeated in a Charm,
Nor from the Vulgar, do's the word Conceal,
But opens wide to all, that Heavenly *Well*,
Where in plain words all saving Doctrines dwell;

All

All neceſſary Truths are ſhort and clear,
She and th' *Apoſtle* bids us ſeek 'um there, — John 5. 39.
Finding no Track of an unerring Guide,
She ſetts *Rome*'s haughty Plea to it aſide; — Page 21.
Exacts no lewd Confeſſion to a Prieſt,
Lodging our ſecret Sins in others Breaſts,
A burden which the *Primitive Church* declin'd,
And which long after *Innocent* enjoyn'd,
When firſt he *Tranſubſtantiation* Coyn'd. — *In the* 4th. Lateran *Council*, 1215.
She makes no *Saints*, nor *Pictures* to Adore,
Obeys her Maker, and enquires no more;
He *Images* forbid in Sacred Writt,
She fears the nice diſtinctions, of your Wit;
Nor will *Doulia*, nor *Latria* truſt,
But to the plain and Sacred Text be juſt.
The God-head's every where, we know not how, — Page 23.
Such *real Preſence* all of us allow;
But that we Eat his *Fleſh*, or Drink his *Blood*,
Is neither meant, believ'd nor underſtood;
So *Jews*, when their Old-Feaſts they Celebrate, — *See the* Jews *Liturgies*.
Call 'um the better Hearbs their Fathers Eat;
Not literally thoſe which they did Taſt,
When by their Gates th' Avenging *Angel* paſt;
But ſuch as were in after-times deſign'd
To bring that great deliverance to their mind.
From purging flames, no *Maſſes* for the Dead,
At a ſet Price are in our Churches ſaid,
Nor Act we Scriptures which all ought to Read.
Your Ancient Doctrines we indeed reject, — Page 26.
But 'tis when Elder Truths they Contradict.
Of new Opinions thus we ſtand accus'd,
While we revive the Old to much Abus'd;
Our *Reformation*'s new, it is confeſt,
But our Religion is a old as Chriſt's.
The *Iſralites* when out of *Egypt* led,
By VVonders reſcu'd, and by VVonders Fed,
Did not the Subſtance of the *Calf* Adore,
Which was but their own Gold and Rings before;
Under that Figure they Ador'd their God,
Who gave ſuch Virtue to the Sacred Rod;
Created *Locuſts*, that devour'd their Corn,
And ſmote through *Pharoah*'s Kingdom, the firſt Born;

Made the Red-Sea retire on either ſide,
Baniſh her rowling Waves, abſent her Tide,
While they upon her Sandy Boſom trod;
To Mortal men a new Impervious Road;
Yet God thoſe ſly *Idolaters* Abhor'd,
And in their *Calf* diſdaind to be Ador'd.
Scarce holy *Moſes* coud his Wrath aſſwage,
Obtain their Pardon, and diſarm his Rage;
Yet they directed their Intention right,
The *Calfe* but brought their God before their ſight;
What Pleads thy *Hind* more than theſe Wretches might?
The *Wolf* and *Bear* too lately ſhe eſcap'd,
In their Rough Paws to be again Entrap'd;
They but forſook her for Reſembling thee
Worſt Foe to Man's, and Chriſtians Liberty;
O *Hind* unchang'd! but 'tis in Cruelty;
To their miſtaken ſight ſhe did appear,
No *Panther*, but a ſort of ſpotted *Dear*,
That might when paſt the Glory's of her Prime
Grow Grey with Age, and become White in time;
They thought unlighted *Tapers* uſeleſs things
Abſurd as *Altars* without *Offerings*;
That real Preſence might grow Corporal,
And Men from Kneeling to Adoring fall,
Tho' ſhe Reſemble thee alaſs, too much
With Joy they find ſhe never will be ſuch;
She like a Loving Spouſe endur'd it long,
And, much Abus'd, Diſſembled with the wrong;
Till driven from the Table, ſhe withdrew,
Forc'd from the Board, She left the Houſehold too;
And never will the Odious Tye renew:
VVhere is it ſaid a Prieſt ſhall have no VVife?
VVher's the command for a Monaſtique Life?
Our VViſe Creator bid us fill the Land,
And ſhall we vow to break his firſt Command?
Our Sons and Daughters into Convents thruſt,
And their hot Youth with untaim'd *Fryers* truſt.
'Tis true they pay a ſort of forc'd Conſent,
But Pride and Friends forbid um to repent;
Like Cowards in a Battle they go on,
Aſham'd and loath to run away alone;

Till

Till tam'd by cuſtom, and benum'd with Age,
Like Birds long kept they cannot leave the Cage.
A Roſy Collour'd Face *Religion* ſhews, *Page* 22.
This every *Convent*, and *Fat Abby* knows;
The Pride of *Cardinals*, what Pen can Trace,
When they appear the Royal Blood giv's place;
They may on Earth but by the *Pope* be Try'd,
To Kill 'um is a ſort of Parricide.
This *Henry* found, the *Guiſe* unheeded falls, *The* 3d. *of* France.
But *Bourbons* Blood for the *Church-Thunder* calls;
Paris and *Orleans* reject his Reign, See Mazeray *in the Life of* Henry *the* 3d.
And *Sorbon Doctors* their Revolt maintain,
Affirming that the People ſafely might
Againſt their King, when thus Excomun'd fight;
See here the boaſted Loyalty of *Rome*,
And by their paſt, expect their Faith to come;
Men need not fear how they their Lives Pollute,
Pennance and *Faſts* kind *Father*, will Commute,
The price of Sins they reaſonably compute;
A tedious *Lent* th' *Arabian Prophet* made,
But *Diſpenſations* were no *Eaſtern* Trade;
His Temperate Law the joys of Wine abhor'd,
When he plurality of Wives reſtor'd;
Wiſely foreſeeing that Exceſs might Spoil
The wiſh'd Increaſe of his unpeopled Soyl;
Indulging thence their Nobler Appetites,
His new *Religion* to the Clime he fits;
But Natures Frailty's both alike relieve,
The *Turks* allow but what your Prieſts forgive.
The Text which bids a Biſhop have one Wife, 1 Tim. 3. 2.
Excuſes *Luther* in his Married Life, *Page* 22.
Nor has that Sacred Bed ſuch Joys of Love
To be miſtook for *Bacchannals* above;
'Tis true our Church is to our *Iſle* confin'd,
No cruel Swords inforce it on Mankind;
No harſh Converſions ſtain our peaceful Faith,
Ours are the' Effects of Charity, no Wrath,
While *Turks* their Errors with their *Empire* ſpread,
And from *Dragoons* our Neighbours learn their *Creed*.
Japan and *China* with your Prieſts abound,
And *Maſs* is ſaid wherever Gain is found;
What *Sweede*, what *Norway Converts* can you boaſt?

You never trade to any barren Coaſt.
Your Zeal burns dimn benum'd with Northern cold,
But flames, and rages in the Climes of Gold.
Once for three Years the Church had loſt her head,
Princes and Card'nals in no Pope agreed.
At length the weary'd Faction with one voice
To Card'nal *Doſſa*, left the Sacred Choice.
He nam'd himſelf defeating all their hopes,
Gregory at *Rome*, *Benedict* at *Avignion*, and *Alexander* choſen at *Piſa* under *Charles* the VI. See *Mezeray Thuanus* and other *French* Hiſtorians. 1409.
And ſhew'd us a new way of making Popes.
Urban and *Clement* did the World divide;
Scarce forty Years cou'd the dark right decide
Councils and Card'nal's both their titles damn'd,
And *Alexander* a third Pope proclaim'd.
Where all this time was *Rome's* unerring guide?
Did he in none; or in all three reſide?
Saint *Peter* cou'd no Succeſſor declare,
He *Clement* nam'd, but *Linus* took the Chaire.
If Popes be doubtful, who can Prieſthood truſt?
For if they fail their long Succeſſion muſt;
Since then falſe Popes as well as true ordain'd;
How can *Rome's* holy Orders be maintain'd?
By *Otho's* arms aſſiſted the Twelfth *John*,
Not full eighteen, his Papacy began:
His mind was bloody, few and leud his days;
His great Imperial Patron, he betray's.
Otho. Aſſiſts his foe, but *Otho* overcome,
And drove th' ingrateful Stripling out of *Rome*.
See *Ricant* in the Life of theſe Popes, ſince Knighted. His Life in corners he a while prolong'd;
But fell at laſt by one whoſe Bed he wrong'd.
Sergius by force of Arms the Chair obtain'd,
Zachary the *I.* And *Pepins* right Pope *Zachary* maintain'd:
Grandchild to *Pipin*, who his King dethron'd
At *Rome*, ſo early was Rebellion own'd.
Valentine the I And *Valentine* a Deacon, not a Prieſt;
Choſen by all, the Holy Seat Poſſeſt.
The II. *Silveſter* on his Deathbead did beclare
The Devil and *Magick* plac't him in the Chair.
The II. *Clement* in pangs of Poyſon ends his days,
The II. And *Damaſus*, that gave it takes the place.
Anno. 1088. *Victor* the Third dy'd of a poyſonous ſup:
And prov'd that more than Blood, was in the Cup.
Celeſtine the I. The Popedom virtuous *Celeſtine* reſign'd,

The

The Sacred charge he conſciouſly declin'd; *Anno.* 1294
Warn'd not anights by Heaven as he thought:
But by Impoſtors *Benedict* had taught:
In broken voyces to diſturb his reſt:
And tell him God was with his Raign diſpleas'd.
The pious Hermit caught in that falſe Snare
Retires, and *Benedict* aſſumes the Chair; } *Cald.* ſince *Boniface* the *VIII*
Leaving the Hermit to the Jaylor's care.
After the Death of *Clement* it appear's; *Clement* the *VII. An.* 1380.
The Holy Seat was vacant for two Years.
Where in thoſe days was *Rome's* unerring guide?
Who thus omitted, might be laid aſide.
Full fourty Years his Holineſs was ſplit
Half did at *Rome*, half at *Avignion* ſit.
Each fiercely by his Followers maintain'd
Both wonders forg'd, and Revellations feign'd.
By temporal Arms both Popes aſſert their right;
Princes and Nobles, in both parties fight.
John by a Council which at *Conſtance* met,
For Crimes and Vices was expel'd the Seat.
Which to confirm by Edict, they proclaim
That next to *Chriſt*, a Council was Supream:
Henry the Second made the *Romans* ſwear
Without his leave not to confer the Chair.
He from a Pope receiv'd th' Imperial Crown,
But claim'd a right to give the tripple one.
Thus ſometimes, Popes made Emperors, and then
They took upon 'em to make Popes agen.
Each propping at their need with others might,
The weak Foundations of Injurious Right.
So *Phocas* when he had the hate incur'd
Of his own Clergy for his murther'd Lord: *Mauritius* by *Gregory* the I. *Anno.* 190.
At *Rome* for Lawful Emperour was own'd,
As if by choice or long deſcent, enthron'd.
He firſt (with that vile flattery beguil'd)
Head of the Church the *Roman* Biſhop ſtil'd.
None but *Appelles* might the Conqueror paint: *Alexander* the VI, *Anno.* 1492.
We want a *Juvenal* to draw this Saint.
His Holineſs a Father now indeed
Might damn Election, and let Blood ſucceed.
John his firſt born was Earl of *Candia* made
Cæſar a Cardinal of his Fathers trade.

Jeffry the Third, we Prince *Squillaci* find,
Duke of Ferara. And bright *Lucretia* to *Alphonſo* Joyn'd;
Theſe were the Comforts of his private Life,
VVhile fair *Vanocchia* was eſteem'd his VVife;
E're wild Ambition taught him to Aſpire,
Or VVorldly Pomp miſled his vain deſire,
See Quicchardine. But when once *Pope*, his Vice grew Villany,
A doubtful Friend, a cruel Enemy;
Faithleſs and Proud, oppreſſive was his Reign,
His Luſt was Avarice, his God was gain.
He Brib'd the *Conclave* and the *Popedom* bought,
But to juſt Ruin the vile *Card'nal* brought,
He *Baniſh'd*, *Poyſon'd*, or *Impriſon'd* moſt
Of thoſe Red-Caps, that put him to that Coſt.
Cæſar with Arms lays waſt his native Soyl,
And with the *French* divides the odious Spoil;
And for Reward of his unnatural VVar,
Is proms'd Realms, with *Albret* of *Navarre*,
But under vaſt Deſigns, vaſt Treaſures fail,
Places, and *Card'nals Caps* are ſet to Sale;
Extortion, *Violence*, and *Simony*,
Groan with the weight of *War* and *Luxury*.
Had *Magus* liv'd till now, and offer'd moſt,
Saint *Peter's* Heir had ſold the *Holy Ghoſt*,
Dock't the Entale, and the Succeſſion croſt.
All projects failing, Murther is Decreed,
But yet the Sacred Scarlet muſt not Bleed,
Tho to their VVealth his *Holineſs* Succeed,
At *Belvidere* he makes a Treacherous Feaſt,
Card'nals and VVealthy *Prelates* are the Gueſts,
VVhere liquid Death, in private Bottles plac't,
Attends the Cup th' Invited *Card'nals* Taſt;
But by miſtake or Heaven's immediate Care,
He and his Son, the deadly Portion ſhare;
Thus Damn'd, and Murther'd by himſelf he Dyes,
A wicked *Prieſt*, but worthy Sacrifice;
So many Villanies no long Race affords,
Nor rude Election of *Pretorian* Swords,
As have Succeeded to this Sacred *Chair*,
They can *Uſurp*, *Kill*, *Poyſon*, but not Err;
A General Council cannot Err ſome ſay,
Yet every *Prieſt* is Fallible, and may
The Army Can't each man may Run away.

Heaven

Haven fixt Salvation to the Name of *Chriſt*,
Whom he Redeem'd, why damn's the *Popiſh Prieſt*;
Believe in him you have Eternal Life,
Make not the God of Peace, the Subject of your ſtrife. John 3. 36.
Chriſt ſaid the Gates of *Hell* ſhou'd not prevail
Againſt the Church; nor ſhou'd She ever fail;
Who knows but that the Spirit might intend,
To uſe *Reformers*, to that Sacred End;
Differ we may, yet all have ſaving Faith,
Go the ſame *Journey*, tho each chuſe his Path;
Error and Sin attend us here below,
That God that Pardons Sin, will Pardon Error too;
Were *Picture-Worſhip* no *Idolatry*,
I think it ſo, and t'were a Crime in me;
Tho' fain'd *Converſion* may the World deceive,
Men muſt be Sav'd by what themſelv's believe;
This found thy *Lyon* and our Peace Proclaim'd,
Calm'd our Diſſentions and our Fury tam'd.
The *Panther*, *Wolf*, the *Hind*, the *Fox*, the *Hare*,
And the whole *Forreſt* his Protection ſhare;
The *Ark*, did not more peacefully contain
Their Warring Kinds, than his Impartial Reign;
Truly Devout, with an Indulgent Eye,
He Nobly view's all ſorts of Piety;
His generous Nature *Perſecution* hates,
Heaven's eaſier Methods Patiently he waits;
Thought by Experience that no outward Force,
Can ſtop *Religion's* Immaterial Courſe.
Men, *Threats*, and *Death*, and *Torture* not Regard,
Whoſe Thoughts are fixt on the Sublime Reward;
Their Raviſh'd Fancy's even in flames delight,
And Heaven Deſcends, expanded to their ſight,
With *Grief*, not *Rage*, he views the wand'ring flock,
And Sandy Cotts, not founded on the Rock;
Born to Command, and forward to Controul,
His Trembling Conſcience, checks his daring Soul.
No harſh Submiſſion to his will we pay,
Fearing we Love, and Loving we Obey;
Deceit he Scorns, and Force he will not uſe,
But by like means, his great deſigns purſues.
His word he never nor his Friend forgets,
His Smiles are Promiſes, and Frowns are Threats;

No Idle Talk, no Laughter ſhakes the Room,
No looſe *Buffoons*, on their lew'd jeſt's preſume;
His Mirth is Royal, Pleaſures are ſevere,
The *Neighing Steed*, and *Trumpet*, Charm his Ear;
He flouriſhes that Sword, he knows to uſe,
And the old Terror of our Arms renews.
Hunting (that flattering *Image* of the War)
Do's but his Limbs for Nobler Toyles prepare.
Th' extreams of Heat and Cold he learns to ſlight,
And ſees the ſhort defence of Trembling flight;
Whither on Foot he take his certain aym,
Or on his Fiery Steed, purſue the Game.
Buſineſs and well Arm'd Troops his time divide,
And War appears in all her harmleſs pride,
Like a young *Lyon* e're he taſt of Blood,
While from his Dam he draws his eaſie Food;
Ere Rage or Hunger drive him thro the plains,
Of flying *Herds*, to drink the Reaking Veins;
Nor will our fierce Ambitious, Neighbour dare,
Provoke a Prince, ſo well prepar'd for War;
Nor home-bred Treaſon ſhow her odious Face,
Doubly Subdu'd, by Arms, and Acts of Grace.
The *Ax* may cut off *Traytors* as they Sprout,
But Mercy digs up *Treaſon* by the Root;
Above the Form's, yet true to the Intent
Of Law, he ſtears his ſteady Government;
And only ſtretches his *Prerogative*,
To eaſe th' Oppreſt, and let Offenders live;
So ſwift a *Pitty* do's his Wrath ſucceed,
His fierceſt Foes, but for Example Bleed;
Not like thoſe *Princes* who decline the weight,
And glorious Toyls, of their exalted *State*:
By Heaven entruſted, and aſſiſted too,
He will no *Partner* of his Cares allow.
His mind has motions perfectly her own;
And the firm Springs to Mortals are unknown;
The Crafty Courtier knows not where to Bribe,
Nor where to Cringe, nor Fawn, the ſtarving Tribe;
Of a free Gift the Charming Force he knows,
Unimportun'd his Royal Bounty flows,
Like the ripe Cluſters of the generous Vine,
Whoſe unpreſt running, makes the nobleſt Wine.

The

The *Zeal* of *Prieſts* he Curbs in the Debate,
When he determines the Affair's of *State*;
Thus freed from their vile Fears, his Royal mind,
That wiſe Indulgence for all Sects deſign'd;
He ſaw us Languiſh, and our Trade decay,
Our *Bankers* Break, our *Sea-men* Run away;
Our *Churches* filld with a dividing *Herd*,
Who but our *Temples*, to our *Jayles* prefer'd.
Others of *God*, more then of Man affraid,
To Forreign parts our gainful Trades convey'd.
Some for *Plantations* left their natives Soyl,
Their Wealth and Eaſe, for Poverty and Toyl.
No *Taxes*, no *Oppreſſion*, vex't the Land,
Yet Power and Wealth he ſaw were at a ſtand.
His piercing Judgment the Diſeaſe deſcry'd;
His goodneſs the bleſt Remedy apply'd;
Not like thoſe Hirelings who had rather Kill,
With common Drugs, than hazard their own skill;
But like a *Father*, and *Phyſician* too,
He try's the utmoſt that his Art can do;
Secure, that at his Pleaſure he can ſtop,
The doubtful *Medicine*, ſhou'd the Patient droop;
Let *Common-wealths* boaſt *Liberty* no more,
She Thrives as well beneath thy *Lyons* Roar;
Not as with them, mean, Sorbid and Ill Bred,
But like the Partner of a Royal Bed:
With all the Decent *Charms* of *Beauty* Grac't,
And next her Lord, in *Veneration* plac't,
Her Lord, from whom this Bleſſing we receive,
Greater then ſome thought *Monarchy* cou'd give.

F I N I S.